

## "ENGINE THIEVES."

The Great Story of "Capturing a  
Locomotive."

BY REV. WM. PITTINGER.  
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CHAPTER IX—*concluded.*

The last one of these narratives that our space will permit us to insert is the most eventful of all. Alfred Wilson and Mark Wood were the

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[CONTINUED, 1881.]

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As Wilson ran from the abandoned engine, of which he had been fireman, he heard his name called, and, halting a moment, was joined by Wood, the only native Englishman of the party, and from that time the two became inseparable companions. They gained an open field on a long line of the road, but did not feel safe in trying to cross it, especially as they were out of breath and the enemy not far away. They fortunately saw where a tree had been cut down in the preceding Summer, and the brush lay scattered around with the dead leaves still clinging to it. Wilson adroitly covered Wood with some of the brush, making a heap so that it would not attract attention, and then crawled under the limbs of the tree. They awaited with revolvers drawn, expecting to be discovered, and determined, in that event, to fight to the death. The rebels were not long in coming, and their fire might have been touched by the hidden fugitives. Their peril was extreme, but the pursuers were watching the men at a distance rather than looking for them up close.

Much of the rebel conversation could be overheard. One of two stalwart pursuers, armed with muskets, while just by the brush-heard, cried out:

"There goes two of them! Come on; let's go for them!"

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CHAPTER IX.—*concluded.*

The last one of these narratives that our speaker will permit us to insert is the most eventful of all. Alfred Wilson and Mark Wood were the last of the whole party to be captured. The train had long since been captured by the rebels. Wilson in his published account of the expedition, I would gladly give it in his own words, but for its great length, and for the further fact that it gives literally many of his conversations with the rebels in which all parties indulge in no small amount of profanity.

As Wilson ran from the abandoned engine, of which he had been fireman, he heard his name called, and, halting a moment, was joined by Wood, the only native Englishman of the party, and from that time the two became inseparable companions. They gained an opening on a long looking out from their fire, but did not feel safe in trying to cross it, especially as they were out of breath and the enemy not far away. They fortunately saw where a tree had been cut down during the preceding Summer, and the brush lay strewn around with the dead leaves still clinging to it. Wilson stealthily covered Wood with some of the brush, making a heap of it so that it would not attract attention, and then crawled up beside him. There they awaited with revolvers drawn, expecting to be discovered, and determined, in that event, to fight to the death. The rebels were not long in coming to the place. They might have been touched by the hidden fugitives. Their peril was extreme, but the pursuers were watching the men at a distance rather than looking for them so near. Much of the rebel conversation could be overheard. One of two stalwart pursuers, armed with muskets, while just by the brush-heaped crisis, cried out:

"There goes two of them! Come on; let's go there!"

"Let's get more help," responded the other.

"But you see they have no guns," urged the first.

"They may run," said the second.

These two poor men remained in that one place a long while before they dared venture forth. Their escape from detection was little less than miraculous. So many persons trampled over the ground where they left the train that the dogs could do nothing at tracking them, or their refuge would soon have been discovered.

The fugitives ran until they were much out of comfort, as it did in the case of all the fugitives, but helped to throw the dogs from the track.

A dark dog, however, they crawled out from the brush heap, and could scarcely walk. After looking about they decided to take an opposite course from what they had seen their comrades take, which was in the main westward from Chattanooga. They wished to pass far to the eastward of that town, and knew that their pursuers

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CHAPTER IX.—*concluded.*

The last one of these narratives that our space will permit us to insert is the most eventful of all. Alfred Wilson and Mark Wood were the last of the whole party to be captured. The story is the public and graphic manner by which Wilson has published his own version of the expedition. I would gladly give it in his own words but for its great length, and for the further fact that he gives literally many of his conversations with the rebels, and that he would indulge in no small amount of profanity.

As Wilson ran from the abandoned engine, of which he had been driver, he heard his name called, and, halting a moment, was joined by Wood, the only native Englishman of the party, and from that time the two became inseparable companions. They gained an opening in a long line of the enemy, and, though they did not feel safe in trying to cross it, especially as they were out of breath and the enemy not far away. They fortunately saw where a tree had been cut down, probably the preceding Sunday, and, taking to the cover of the trunk, they hid among the dead leaves still clinging to it. Wilson adroitly covered Wood with some of the brush, making the heap so that it would not attract attention. They rushed on to within a few feet of the train. They awaited with revolvers drawn, expecting to be discovered, and determined, in that event, to fight to the death. The rebels were not long in coming, and the first to be caught might have been touched by the hidden fugitives. Their peril was extreme, but the pursuers were watching the men at a distance rather than looking for those at their feet. Much of the rebel force would be lost if they heard. One of two stalwart pursuers, armed with muskets, while just by the brush-hedge, cried out:

"There are two of them! Come on; let's go for them!"

"Let's get more help," responded the other.

"But you see they have no guns," urged the first.

"They are rushing on to hearing."

These two poor men were so close that one placed a long while before they dared venture forth. Their escape from detection was little less than miraculous. So many persons had trampled on the brush, and so many dogs had barked, that the dogs could do nothing at tracking them, or their refuge would soon have been discovered. The incessant rain added very much to their confusion, as it did in the case of all the fugitives, but helped to throw the dogs off the track.

After dark, however, they crawled out from the brush-heap, and could scarcely walk. After looking about they decided to take a position where they thought they had seen their comrades take, which was in the main westward from Chattanooga. They wished to pass far to the eastward, and down, and knew that they must carefully avoid it.

The remainder of that night they traveled rapidly, and about daybreak found an old barn and a story of a mill, and a cow of corn-crier, where they slept comfortably until about two o'clock, when they were discovered by two women who were hunting eggs. The latter were greatly frightened, and ran to the house, and, as they were running, they were followed, said they had been in pursuit of the train-robbers, and preferred sleeping in the barn to disturbing anybody at the house. The fugitives were not long in getting away, and a terrible tempest was furnished. This was the first cold since leaving the train, and it was most acceptable. They paid for it, and went on their way again.

That they did not think it prudent to go far before seeking concealment in a dense thicket to await the approach of night. A squad of mounted soldiers went by on the road they had just taken, and they were not far from one. At nightfall they shaped their course, as nearly as they could, towards the Tennessee River, east of Chattanooga. They avoided the place, and were not long in getting to a picket. At dawn the foot of the mountain was reached, and the wanderers breathed freer than in the open country. They witnessed the rising sun, and were greatly cheered by it. Several were so tired that they were unable to stand until nearly night, and with darkness they started on again. It was hard work, feeling the way over rocks, climbing precipitous hills, and crossing the deep, rapid stream through bushes and briars, and the deep, rapid

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The last one of these narratives that our space will permit us to insert is the most eventful of all. Alfred Wilson and Mark Wood were the last of the whole party to be captured. The following is a graphic and graphic description of Wilson in his published account of the expedition. I would gladly give it in his own words but for its great length, and for the further fact that he gives literally many of his conversations with the rebels, and that he indulges in no small amount of profanity.

As Wilson ran from the abandoned engine, of which he had been fireman, he heard his name called, and, halting a moment, was joined by Wood, the only native Englishman of the party, and from that time the two became inseparable companions. They gained an opportunity on a long ridge to fight the rebels, but they were not feeling in trying to cross it, especially as they were out of breath and the enemy not far away. They fortunately saw where a tree had been cut down, probably the preceding Summer, and the two lay down behind it, and the dead leaves still clinging to it. Wilson actually covered Wood with some of the brush, making the heap so that it would not attract attention. They waited for some time. There they awaited with revolvers drawn, expecting to be discovered, and determined, in that event, to fight to the death. The rebels came on, and the two men were not long before they might have been touched by the hidden fugitives. Their peril was extreme, but the pursuers were watching the men at a distance, and the two men were not far from their feet. Much of the rebel conversation could be heard. One of two stalwart pursuers, armed with muskets, while just by the brush-heard, cried out:

"Let 'em give 'em two in the back! Come on; let's go for 'em!"

"Let's get more help," responded the other.

"But you see they have no guns," urged the first.

These two poor men remained in that one place a long while before they dared venture forth. Their escape from detection was little less than a miracle. So many pursuers had trampled over the ground that the fugitives were sure the dogs could do nothing at tracking them, or their refuge would soon have been discovered. The incessant rain added very much to their difficulties. It did not help the fugitives, but helped to help to throw the dogs from the track.

After dark, however, they crawled out from behind the brush, and went on their way, looking about they decided to take an opposite course from what they had seen their comrades take, which was in the main westward from the eastward of that way and knew that they must carefully avoid it.

The remainder of that night they traveled rapidly, and about daybreak found an old barn and a small house in a row of corn-fields, where they slept comfortably until about one o'clock, when they were discovered by two women who were hunting eggs. The latter were not far from the house, and the fugitives, which stood near, but Wilson and Wood followed, said they had been in pursuit of the dinner-brothers, and preferred sleeping in the barn to the discomfort of anybody at the house. The women drove the fugitives away, and the termilk was furnished. This was the first food since leaving the train, and it was most acceptable. They paid for it, and went on their way to the next place.

But they did not think it prudent to go far before seeking concealment in a dense thicket to await the approach of night. A squad of rebels, however, was not far from the fugitives had just left, apparently searching for someone. At midnight they shaped their course, as nearly as they could, towards the Tennessee River, east of Chattanooga. They avoided the rebels, and went on their way, and into a picket. At dawn the foot of the mountains was reached, and the wanderers breathed freer than in the open country. They witnessed the rebels, and the fugitives were not far from their general warpath. Sleep and weariness claimed them until nearly night, and with darkness they started on again. It was hard work, feeling the heat of the sun, and the fugitives, in places, and descending the steep slopes through bushes and briars.

On Wednesday morning mountains were on all sides, and the fugitives were in a position of hunger soon roused them. That one meal of corn-bread and buttermilk was all the food they had eaten since their start on Saturday. Wilson, to save his strength, and to get into travel day as well as night, as in that lonely region it was not likely they would be molested. In the afternoon they reached the brow of a mountain, and the fugitives were not far from the valley. Almost perishing with hunger, they concluded to venture down and apply for food at a hut a little separated from the rest. Wilson, to save his strength, and to get into travel day as well as night, as in that lonely region it was not likely they would be molested. In the afternoon they reached the brow of a mountain, and the fugitives were not far from the valley. Almost perishing with hunger, they concluded to venture down and apply for food at a hut a little separated from the rest. 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BY REV. WM. PITTENGER.

[CONTINUED, 1881.]

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

The last use of these narratives that our space will permit us to insert is the most eventful of all. Alfred Wood and Mark Wood were the last of the whole party to be captured. The story is told in the most graphic manner by the following public reading of the following statement. I will gladly give it in his own words but for its great length, and for the further fact that he gives literally many of his conversations with the rebels, and that he indulges in no small amount of profanity.

As Wilson ran from the abandoned engine, of which he had been fireman, he heard his mantle and, halting a moment, he joined by Wood, the only native Englishman of the party, and from that time the two became inseparable companions. They gained an open field on a long slope in front of them, but did not feel safe as trying to cross it, especially as they were out of breath and the enemy not far away. They fortunately saw where a tree had been cut down, probably the preceding Sunday, and they ran to it, and hid behind the dead leaves still clinging to it. Wilson adroitly covered Wood with some of the brush, making the heap so that it would not attract attention, and then he crawled up to him. There they awaited with revolvers drawn, expecting to be discovered, and determined, in that event, to fight to the death. The rebels came very near, so that in some instances they might have been detected by the halting dogs. Their peril was extreme, but the pursuers were watching the men at a distance rather than looking for those at their feet. They were not detected, and the rebels were heard. One of two stalwart pursuers, armed with muskets, while just by the brush-heard, cried out: "Does two of them! Come on; let's go for them!"

"Let's get more help," responded the other. "But you see they have no guns," urged the first, and they rushed out of hearing.

They were not detected, and they hid in one place a long while before they dared venture forth. Their escape from detection was little less than miraculous. So many persons had trampled the brush about the engine, that the halting dogs could do nothing at tracking them, or their refuge would soon have been discovered. The incessant rain added very much to their discomfort, as it did in the case of all the others, and they had to throw the dogs from the track.

After dark, however, they crawled out from the brush-heap, and could scarcely walk. After a short distance they reached a house, and learned from what they had seen their comrades take, which was in the main westward from Chattanooga. They wished to pass far to the right, and to get down, and knew that they must carefully avoid it.

The remainder of that night they traveled rapidly, and about daybreak found an old barn and hid themselves in a mow of corn-fodder, where they were not detected by the halting dogs. At two o'clock, when they were discovered by two women who were hunting geese. The latter were greatly frightened, and ran to the house, and the men followed. The rebels followed, and they had been in the train-robbers, and preferred sleeping in the train to disturbing anybody at the house. Dinner was over, and some corn-bread and butter was served. The rebels followed, and they were leaving the train, and it was most acceptable. They paid for it, and went on their way greatly refreshed.

On Wednesday morning mountains were on all sides, with no sign of human life or habitation. They took a nap in the warm sun, but they were not detected by the halting dogs. At two o'clock, when they were discovered by two women who were hunting geese. The latter were greatly frightened, and ran to the house, and the men followed. The rebels followed, and they had been in the train-robbers, and preferred sleeping in the train to disturbing anybody at the house. Dinner was over, and some corn-bread and butter was served. The rebels followed, and they were leaving the train, and it was most acceptable. They paid for it, and went on their way greatly refreshed.

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[illegible]

Chattanooga, fastened together with a chain around their necks, and handcuffed, as the others had been, and ordered to the hold. When they descended the ladder and joined our miserable company there assembled, they heard some plaintive voice say in the darkness, to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, "Wilson, the Wood! They have got every one of us!" It was true. Every one of the hold band had been captured and were gathered into one of the vilest dungeons ever used by man to torture his fellow-man!

[To be continued.]

Chattanooga, fastened together with a chain around their necks, and handcuffed, as the others had been, and ordered to the hole. When they descended the ladder and joined our miserable assembly, they heard a more plaintive voice say in the darkness, to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, "Wilson and Wood! They have got every one of us!" It was true. Every one of the bold and brave men who were gathered into one of the vilest dungeons ever used by man to torture his fellow-man.

[To be continued.]

## DEATH OF A BRAVE SAILOR.

Charles B. Payne's Experience in the Navy During the Late Civil War.

[Boston, Globe.]

Charles B. Payne died at Somerville recently, leaving a wife and two children.

Payne was born in the State of Maine, and during his younger days was much upon the water. At the breaking out of the civil war

Chattanooga, fastened together with a chain around their necks, and handcuffed, as the others had been, and ordered to the holocaust. When they departed, the soldiers of our miserable company there assembled, they heard some plaintive voice say in the darkness, to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, "Helen and Kate!" and they got every one of them. It was true, every one of the bold band had been captured and were gathered into one of the vilest dungeons ever used by man to torture his fellow-man!

[To be continued.]

## DEATH OF A BRAVE SAILOR.

Charles B. Pyne's Experience in the Navy During the Late Civil War.

[Boston Globe.]

Charles B. Pyne died at Somerville recently, leaving a wife and two children.

Pyne was born in the State of Maine, and during his youth was much upon the water. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the navy, and served with distinction along the Southern coast.

In the latter part of the war he was in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and took part in an attempt to surprise and capture Fort Sumter. The expedition was in charge of Commander Mendenhall, and he was one of the forty-two crews of the ten, led by Commander Williams, Lieutenant Renny and Ensign Porter, scaled the breach of the fort, but, instead of being successful, they were on the alert, and several of the brave sailors were killed. Many were killed and others wounded, among the latter being Pyne, who received flesh wounds in an arm and leg. The assault was wholly unsuccessful, and the fleet was driven off. Many perished in escaping back to their own

Chattanooga, fastened together with a chain around their necks, and handcuffed, as the others had been, and ordered to the hold. There they were packed like sardines. Our miserable company there assembled, they heard some plaintive voice say in the darkness, to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, "Fulton and Wood." They have got every one of them," was true, but every one of the bold band had been captured and were gathered into one of the vilest dungeons ever used by man to torture his fellow-man!

[*He is confined.*]

## DEATH OF A BRAVE SAILOR.

Charles B. Pyne's Experience in the Navy During the Late Civil War.

*(Written for Globe.)*

Charles B. Pyne died at Yonkersville recently, leaving a wife and two children.

Pyne was born in the State of Maine, and during his younger days was much upon the water. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the navy, and served with distinction during the Southern coast.

In the latter part of the war he was in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and took part in an attempt to surprise and capture Fort Sumter. The expedition was in charge of Commander Farragut, and he was one of the foremost of the crews of the men, led by Commander Williams, Lieutenant Renny, and Ensign Porter, scaled the breach of the fort, but, instead of being successful, they were repulsed, and were forced to leave the brave sailors with not a single shell. Many were killed and others wounded, among the latter being Pyne, who received flesh wounds in an arm and leg. The assault was wholly unsuccessful, and only a few of the men of the party succeeded in escaping back to their own commands. Pyne, a prisoner, was taken to Charleston, Millen, Columbia, Andersonville, Salisbury, N. C., and finally sent to Richmond, where he put in time at Castle Thunder and Belle Island.

Being a sailor he was non-exchangeable, and was not released until the late summer of 1864 to remain in the prison pen of the South, which subdued his spirit and broke him physically. While in Richmond he concocted a plan to escape from prison. Every point was made to escape success, but the plan was given away to the Confederate officer, who posted extra guards, and the next day three men were taken from the prison for punishment. Pyne, however, was not taken, but a young and sickly inmate, who had no hand in the plot, was suspected and taken out to undergo punishment. These men were taken to the rear of the prison, and bucked and gagged and treated upon the ground, their arms were bound around their legs, and a piece of wood placed between their shoulders. Here, in the hot sun, these men suffered for several hours, and when the sun went down he was, went to the door leading to the yard and called the Confederate officer to him, saying: "Captain, you are punishing an innocent man, and I am innocent. I am innocent, you put him in his place?" The officer replied "Yes." "Well," said Pyne, "I am the man; take me." All day long he with his two comrades, who were kept naked and gagged, and at night they were sent to the rear of the prison. Pyne was incarcerated in Libby prison and Belle Island.

Chattanooga, fastened together with a chain around their necks, and handcuffed, as the others had been, and ordered to the holocaust. Wilson and I were taken to the rear of our miserable company there assembled; they heard some plaintive voice say in the darkness, to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, "Wilson and I." They have got every one else killed or run. The rest of the bold band had been captured and were gathered into one of the vilest dungeons ever used by man to torture his fellow-man!"

[Ed here continued.]

## DEATH OF A BRAVE SAILOR.

Charles B. Pyne's Experiences in the Navy During the Civil War.  
[From *"Deadly Gibe."*]

Charles B. Pyne died at Somerville recently, leaving a wife and two children.

Pyne was born in the State of Maine, and during his youth spent much upon the water. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the navy, and served with distinction along the Southern coast.

The brave sailor with shot and shell in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and took part in an attempt to surprise and capture Fort Sumter. The expedition was in charge of Commander Charles V. N. Smith, who led the crews of the men, led by Commander Williams, Lieutenant Renny and Ensign Porter, scaled the breach of the fort, but, instead of being surprised, the enemy were on the alert, and received the brave sailors with shot and shell so that no party succeeded in escaping back to their own commands. Pyne, a prisoner, was taken to Charleston, Millen, Columbia, Andersonville, Salisbury, N. C., and finally Lynchburg, and finally was sent to Richmond, where he went in time to Castle Thunder and Belle Island.

Being a sailor he was non-exchangeable, and was obliged till the latter part of the Summer of 1864 to remain in the castle, and to stay in South, which subdued his spirit and broke him physically. While in Richmond he concocted a scheme to escape from prison. Every point was guarded by soldiers, and the plan was given away to the Confederate officer who posted extra guards, and the next day three men were taken from the prison for punishment. Pyne, the leader, had not been molested, but was kept under close guard, while waiting and in the plot, was suspected and taken out to undergo punishment. These men were placed in the yard in the rear of the prison, and the watchtower above them. On the bare ground, their arms were bound around their legs, and a piece of wood placed between their teeth. Here, in the hot sun, these men were left for several days without food or drink. When relieving pain, when Pyne, noble soul, said that he was a Confederate soldier, and yelled and called the Confederate officer to him, saying: "Captain, you are punishing an innocent man; if I will show you your gunnery one, will you let me go?" He was told to get up and shoot. "Yes," "Well," said Pyne, "I am the man; take me." All day long he with his two companions were kept backed and gagged, and at about five o'clock he was taken to Castle Thunder. Afterwards Pyne was incarcerated in Libby prison and Belle Island.

From the latter place one night he, with two comrades, jumped into the river and struck out for the Watchtower. One of the men was killed, another save himself up, but Pyne kept on and escaped. For several days he remained within the Confederate lines waiting for the Union army to come. In the morning which he finally succeeded in doing, coming out at the Fifth Corps' front. He was sent to Washington and discharged from service September 8, 1864, just one year from the day he was taken to the castle of Castle Thunder. After he had done his duty, he re-enlisted, was appointed ensign for bravery, and was finally discharged in July, 1865.

After the war he made a trade, and has lived in Somerville for 20 years. The funeral services were held at the First Universalist Church, Somerville. The G.A.R. Post of 1897, and a number attended, and also many of his old comrades living in Woburn and other places.

A hero of Millen Prison.

Louis Aber, a man who served as a private in a Michigan cavalry company, was taken prisoner, and before his release was confined in four different prisons and two jails. We have heard of prisoners who were taken out and went in the military prisons of the South, but no pen has ever yet given an adequate idea of the terrible privations they were obliged to endure. It is a matter of course that the exchange of sixty prisoners was to be made. The officer of the day told of sixty names at the

[illegible]

Chattanooga, fastened together with a chain round their necks, and handcuffed, as the others had been, and ordered to the hold. But, as Wilson said, "I was sorry our miserable company there assembled, they heard some plaintive voice say in the darkness, to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, 'Wilson and I have got every one else out of here.' It was true, the hold of the bold band had been captured and were gathered into one of the vilest dungeons ever used by man to torture his fellow-man!"

[To be continued.]

## DEATH OF A BRAVE SAILOR.

Charles B. Pyne's Experience in the Navy During the Late Civil War.  
(*The Boston Globe*.)

Charles B. Pyne died at Newburg recently, leaving a wife and two children.

Pyne, a son of the State of Maine, and during his youth was much upon the water. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the navy, and served with distinction along the Southern coast.

At the close of the war he was in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and took part in an attempt to surprise and capture Fort Sumter. The expedition was in charge of Commander James H. Hammond, and he was one of the crews of the ten, led by Commander William Littlehew Renny and Ensign Porter, scaled the brass side of the fort, but, instead of being surprised, they were repulsed, and the crews of the ten were on the alert, and received the brave sailors with shot and shell. Many were killed and others wounded, among the latter being Pyne, who received flesh wounds in an arm and leg. The assault was wholly unsuccessful, and the ten were ordered to return to the harbor.

The expedition was a failure, and the party succeeded in escaping back to their own commands. Pyne, a prisoner, was taken to Charleston, Millen, Columbia, Andersonville, Salisbury, N. C., and finally was sent to Richmond, where he went in at Castle Thunder and Belle Island.

Being a sailor he was non-exchangeable, and was kept in the latter part of the Summer of 1864 to remain in the prison of the South, which subdued his spirit and broke him physically. While in Richmond he concocted a scheme to escape from prison. Every point was watched, and he was not allowed to give away to the Confederate officer, who posted extra guards, and the next day three men were taken from the prison for punishment. Pyne, and only one-half of the remaining party, but a young and sickly inmate, who had no hand in the plot, was suspected and taken out to undergo punishment. These men were taken in the yard in the rear of the prison, and backed up against a wall. Upon the ground, their arms were bound around their legs, and a piece of wood placed between their teeth. Here, in the hot sun, these men were kept for three days, and the guard of the soul that he was, went to the door leading to the yard and called the Confederate officer to him, saying: "Captain, you are punishing an innocent man. I will show you a guilty one, will you put him in the stocks?" The officer replied: "Yes." "Well," said Pyne, "I am the one; take me." All day long he with his two companions were kept backed and gagged, and at last the Confederate officer came to the prison, and Pyne was incarcerated in Libby prison and Belle Island.

From the latter place one night he, with two comrades, jumped the wall and struck out for the southern shore. One of the men was killed, another gave himself up, but Pyne kept on and escaped. For several days he remained in the Confederate lines waiting an opportunity to get to Castle Thunder, which he finally succeeded in doing, coming in at the Fifth Corps' front. He was sent to Washington and discharged from service September 1, 1865, and returned to his home.

Pyne was taken prisoner. But not content that he had done his duty, he re-enlisted, was appointed ensign for 1867, and was finally discharged in 1871.

Pyne was a painted gray trade, and has lived in Somerville for 20 years. The funeral services were held at the First Universalist church, Somerville. The G.A.R. Post of which he was a member, had a large number of his old comrades living in Woburn and other places.

### Here of Millen Prison.

[*Detroit Free Press*.]

Louis Abern, a man who served as a private in a Michigan cavalry company, was taken prisoner, and before his release was confined in the Millen Prison, at Castle Thunder. "We have all read of the horrors prisoners underwent in the military prisons of the South, but no pen has ever yet given an adequate idea of what it was like to be in the Union prison here. While he was in Millen the officer replied of sixty prisoners was to be made. The officer of the day told of sixty names at the door of the pen, but for some reason, probably because he had no time to do so, he did not come forth. At that moment Louis, who had been sent out after fuel—under guard, of course—came through the gate pushing a wheelbarrow full of coal. The Union guard of six men, who were in the pen, saw the wheelbarrow and started for another load of coal.

"Here, Louis, here's a chance for you. We want 60 men to go North and are short one. Jump into the ranks here!" exclaimed the officer.

"To be exchanged?" asked Louis, trembling more than he did when under fire.

"Yes. Be quick!"

Then take Hank. He's sick, and will die if he remains here. He's dazed into the hospital ward. Hank had a pair of pantaloons and shoes, but no coat or hat. Louis pulled off his, put them upon Hank, and brought him out under guard. Louis, who was a private, and a mate and once more breathed the air of freedom. Louis, hatless and coatless, took hold of the handles of his wheelbarrow and started for another load of coal.

It cost him seven months of a living death, at all for a man with whom he was not even intimately acquainted. Ever since the close of the war, until a few months ago, when Hank died, he remained in the Union prison—Hank with a home and family; Louis with neither. Have met occasionally, but at no time did Hank ever refer to the act in the prison, or to the fact that he had saved his life; never invited him to his home; never alluded to the past, or addressed his savior other than as a mere acquaintance. On his death—Hank's death—Louis, who was a private, asked his relatives, if they ever had an opportunity to befriend Louis for his sake. It was tardy acknowledgment of one of the noblest acts ever known.

### Bread Cast Upon the Water.

(*The Rambler*.)

Charley Backus, the well-known negro minstrel performer, who has been visiting his old mother in New Bedford, Mass.

While he was there he would go to church with her regularly, Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, and Sunday evening. The church collection was being taken up in aid of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands. The plate was being passed around and the frugal Charley, who was a member of the church, and their shipmasters, in the denomination of 25 cents. Backus most munificently dropped in a silver dollar.

He then leaned over the high-back pew and whispered:

"Charley, why will you be so extravagant? A quarter was plenty to put in that box."

He then turned to the minister; "I'll play to the Sandwich Islands next month, and I'll rake in the whole collection."

### Too Two.

(*Merchant Traveler*.)

They were walking together under a very little umbrella, and she liked him well enough

thattanooga, fastened together with a chain round their necks, and handcuffed, as the others had been, and ordered to the hold. Charles B. Pyne, a young lad, and joined our miserable company there assembled, they heard some plaintive voice say in the darkness, to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed. He felt that the cry he heard got every one of us. It was true, the very one of the bold band had been captured and were gathered into one of the vilest dungeons ever used by man to torture his fellow-man!

[*He be confined.*]

## DEATH OF A BRAVE SAILOR.

Charles B. Pyne's Experience in the Navy During the Late Civil War.

Charles B. Pyne died at Somerville recently, leaving a wife and two children.

Pyne was born in the State of Maine, and during his younger days was much upon the water. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the navy, and served with distinction in the southern coast.

In the latter part of the war, while in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and took part in an attempt to surprise and capture Fort Sumter. The expedition was in charge of Commander Sumner, and the vessel in which he sailed was the crew of them, led by Commander Williams, Lieutenant Renny, and Ensign Porter, scaled the beach of the fort, but instead of being surprised, they were met by a heavy fire, and the brave sailors with shot and shell. Many were killed and others wounded, among the latter being Pyne, who received flesh wounds in the arm and leg. The latter was wholly recovered, and returned to his ship. The expedition was successful, and only one-half of the owning party succeeded in escaping back to their own country. Pyne, a prisoner, was taken to Charleston, Milten, Columbia, Andersonville, Salisbury, S. C., and finally sent to Richmond, where he put in time at Castle Thun der and Belle Island.

Being a sailor he was non-exchangeable, and in the summer of 1864 he was sent to the South, which subdued his spirit and broke him physically. While in Richmond he concocted a plan to escape from prison. Every point was made into his weakness, but the escape was given away to the Confederate officer, who posted extra guards, and the next day three men were taken from the prison for punishment. Pyne was one of the three, but he was not a young and sickly inmate, who had no hand in the plot, was suspected and taken out to undergo punishment. These men were placed in the yard in the rear of the prison, and bucked and gagged. Seated upon the ground, their arms were bound around their legs, and a piece of wood placed between their legs. Here, in the heat of the sun, these men were suffering excruciating pain, but Pyne, noble soul that he was, went to the door leading to the yard, and called the Confederate officer to him, saying: "Captain, you are punishing an innocent man. I will confess that I was guilty, but you put him in his place?" The officer replied: "Yes," "Well," said Pyne, "I am the man; take me." All day long he with his two comrades, who had been taken from the prison, night they were sent to Castle Thun der. Afterwards Pyne was placed in Liberty hall, with two comrades, jumped into the river and struck out for the southern shore. One of the men was killed, another gave himself up, but Pyne kept on and escaped. For several days he remained in the Confederacy, but he was given an opportunity to pass to the Union army, which he finally succeeded in doing, coming in at the Fifth Corps front. He was sent to the Western Army, and was with the army on September 8, 1864, just one year from the day he was taken prisoner. But not content that he had done his duty, he re-enlisted, was appointed sergeant, and for bravery, and was finally discharged in July.

Pyne was a painter by trade, and has lived in Somerville for 20 years. The funeral services were held at the First Universalist Church, Sunday morning, August 1st, 1890, of which he was a member attended, and also many of his old comrades living in Woburn and other places.

### A Hero of Millen Prison.

*Detroit Free Press.*

Louis Ahear, a man who served as a private in a Michigan cavalry company, was taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, and was five different prison pens and two jails. We were all in the ranks of the prisoners under the military of the prisoners of the South, but no man here had given up his freedom, and the terrible privations they were obliged to face. While he was in Millen prison he was a captain of sixty prisoners to be made. The officer, here, had a list of sixty names at the door of the pen, but for some reason, probably because he was to fill, or perhaps dead, one man did not come forth. At that moment Louis Ahear had been sent out after a—under guard, of a wheelbarrow loaded with wood.

"Here, Louis, here's a chance for you. We want 60 men to go North and are short one. Jump into the ranks here!" exclaimed the officer.

"To be exchanged?" asked Louis, trembling more than he did when under fire.

"Then take Hank. He's sick and will die if he remains here," and Louis darted into the hospital ward. Hank had a pair of pantaloons and a pair of boots or hat. Louis pulled off his pants, put them on Hank, and then, as he was weak and tottering. As Hank fled out of the gate and once more breathed the air of freedom, Louis, lustre and coarseness, took hold of the wheelbarrow loaded with wood, and started for another load of wood.

"Here, Louis, here's a chance for you. We want 60 men to go North and are short one. Jump into the ranks here!" exclaimed the officer.

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"Then take Hank. He's sick and will die if he remains here," and Louis darted into the hospital ward. Hank had a pair of pantaloons and a pair of boots or hat. Louis pulled off his pants, put them on Hank, and then, as he was weak and tottering. As Hank fled out of the gate and once more breathed the air of freedom, Louis, lustre and coarseness, took hold of the wheelbarrow loaded with wood, and started for another load of wood.

It cost him seven months of a living death, and all for a man who when he was not even a soldier. Here, in the heart of the South, during the war, until a few months ago, when Hank Ahear, these two men have lived in Wayne County—Hank with a home and family; Louis with a home and family. Louis, at no time did Hank ever refer to the fact that he was in Millen prison that set him free and saved his life; never invited him to his home; never invited him to the past, or addressed his savior as Hank. He never mentioned the fact, but he, however, he told the story, and asked his relatives, if they ever had an opportunity, to befriend Louis for his sake. It was truly acknowledgment of one of the noblest acts ever known.

### Bread Cast upon the Water.

[*The Bumble.*]

Charley Becker, the well-known negro minstrel performer, was in the habit of visiting his old mother in New Bedford, Mass.

On Sunday morning, he was to go to church with her regularly, Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening. On one occasion a collection was being taken up in aid of the colored churches of Sandwich Islands. The plate was being passed around, and the friends and congregation were putting in their pennies and their shipplasters, in the denomination of 25 cents each, most munificently dropped in a silver dollar.

His mother leaned over in the high-back pew and whispered:

"You're walking toward her like an extravagant?"

A quarter was plenty to put in the plate.

"Never mind, mother," said the minstrel; "I play to the Sandwich Islanders next month, and I'll rake in the whole collection."

### Too Two.

[*Merchant Traveler.*]

They were walking toward her under a very little umbrella, and he held it well enough not to want a large spread and a very fine one, and seemed to be nervous, and she finally remarked, very softly, and with a note of rebuke:

"You're carrying the umbrella, if you will let me."

"No, no," I can carry it."

"Yes, yes," she said, "see, your arm takes up so much room that one side of me is out in the wet."

"I know that, Fannie," he replied, "but I do with my arm; won't it be in the way just the same?"

"I don't know, Charlie," Gus Clark always knows what to do with his, when he is walking under an umbrella, with Mary Martin, because Mary told me so."

People with gray hair may be concealing from the world the fact that they are becoming aged, and passing on to decay, by the use of Hall's Hair Reviver. It is a fact that this article not only restores the hair to its youthful color, but the faded or gray hair to its youthful color and lustre, cheaply, quickly and surely.

Tomnake good wages sent to Hale Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich. See advt., Oct. 15.

[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]  
 To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the agricultural laborer in this country is rarely found to be earning \$4 a week. I was recently spending a few days at Hastings, in Sussex and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town Winchelsea by name, boasting some 900 inhabitants. The population of the miniature town and the surrounding district is purely agricultural, and exhaustive inquiry among

**Starvation Wages In England.**  
[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]  
To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the agricultural laborer in this country is rarely found to be earning \$4 a week. I was recently spending some time in the north of England and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town Winchelsea by name, boasting some 900 inhabitants. The population of the miniature town was almost entirely engaged in agriculture, and an exhaustive inquiry among the farmers and hog-growers there residing satisfied me that \$2.50 per week was a fair average of the earnings of at least two-thirds of the population. The \$2.50 was less and often more than 50 cents goes for a man, and

In three cases I found a man and his wife with upward of six children, none of whom were yet able to earn anything, subsisting on the meagre \$2.50. Now, ye gentlemen, just reflect for a moment, and you will realize that if you yourselves, much less your wives and

**Starvation Wages in England.**  
[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]

To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the average laborer in this country is rarely able to be earning a good deal more than spending a few days at Hastings, in Sussex and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town which is not much more than a village to its inhabitants. The population of the miniature town and the surrounding district is purely agricultural, and extensive inquiry among the farmers and small holders of the district satisfied me that \$2.50 per week was a fair average of the earnings of at least two-thirds of the population. Of this \$2.50 never less and often more than one-half is paid in rent.

In three cases I found a man and his wife with upward of six children, none of whom were as yet able to earn any thing, subsisting on one shilling a week. Now, ye gentlemen, just reflect for a moment and tell me how you can clothe yourselves, much less your wives and families, on \$2 per week? In this same tiny town there are two butcher's shops, and four or five public houses. The average price of Prime parts of beef, 24 cents per pound; in inferior parts, 20 cents per pound; cuttings, that is to say, odd bits chopped off here and there to make up the prime, 12 cents per pound; mutton, 12 cents. A loaf of bread weighing four pounds costs 12 cents; vegetables are a trifle cheaper than in America, and bacon and ham are sold at 8 cents a pound. Now, gentlemen, then, how on earth can these unhappy people keep body and soul together? I am bound to confess that the conversation I had with several of them left the impression on my mind that there are more than a few who are in their surroundings. Sometimes they get a lit-

**Starvation Wages in England.**  
[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]

To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the agricultural laborer in this country is rarely found to be earning \$4 a week. It was recently spending a few days at Hastings, in Sussex, and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town of Winclesley, where I was boasting some 900 inhabitants. The population of the miniature town and the surrounding district is purely agricultural, and extensive inquiry among the farmers and small holders of the place satisfied me that \$2.50 per week was a fair average of the earnings of at least two-thirds of the population. Of this \$2.50 never less and never more than 50 cents was for food.

In three cases I found a man and his wife with upward of six children, none of whom were as yet able to earn anything, subsisting upon 80 cents. Now, ye granblers, just reflect for a moment, and tell me whether you and your families, with less than half the clothing yourselves, much less your wives and families, on \$2 per week? In this same tiny town there are three butchers' shops, and four public houses, and a number of small shops. Prime parts of beef, 34 cents per pound; in inferior parts, 20 cents per pound; cuttings, that is to say, odd bits chopped off here and there to make up the prime, 16 cents per pound. A loaf of bread weighing four pounds costs 12 cents; vegetables are a trifle cheaper than in America, and bacon and ham are about the same. I am not, however, now then, how on earth do those unhappy people keep body and soul together? I am bound to confess that the conversation I had with several of them left the impression on my mind that they were not much better off than their surroundings. Sometimes they get a little meat. "Once a week?" I queried. "Oh no, not once a week. Perhaps, take it all the year round, but not much." I asked them if these appear to be their staple food, and on Sundays a slice or two of bacon graces the any thing but festive board.

**A Bishop and a Dentist.**  
[Harford Times.]

A young country dentist was recently favored with an invitation to marry and fitly completed the set of teeth for the Anglican bishop of the diocese in which he resided. The dentist was very anxious about the result of his labor and watched his lordship examining himself and giving new teeth to his wife. He thought he may be imagined when he heard the bishop give expression to language ending with that fearful word "Damnation." He ventured to suggest that the bishop might find the work uncomfortable at first, but in a little time he would get use to them. Without appearing to notice the dentist, his lordship explained, with a smile, that "Without doubt he shall prefer them eventually." "But, my lord," the dentist will but have patience," pleaded the dentist "in a week's time or so—?" "What do you mean?" Inquired the prostrate, turning round and looking at the dentist. "I think you have patience?" The teeth fit me beautifully it is the first time I have found myself able to pronounce the Athanasian creed with distinctness for these 20 years.

**Their Age.**  
[San Francisco Argonaut.]

**Starvation Wages in England.**  
[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]

To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the agricultural laborer in this country is rarely paid to be earning a day's work. I was recently spending a few days at Hastings, in Sussex, and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town of Wicheles, a very narrow, crooked street, 900 inhabitants. The population of the miniature town and the surrounding district is purely agricultural, and extensive inquiry among the farmers and small holders of the district satisfied me that \$2.50 per week was a fair average of the earnings of at least two-thirds of the population. Of this \$2.50 never less and seldom more than 50 cents goes for rent.

In three cases I found that the wife, with upward of six children, none of whom was yet able to earn any thing, subsisting upon \$2 a week. Now, ye grubbers, just remember that a woman, with her washing and clothes for herself, much less your wives and families, on \$2 per week? In this same tiny town there are two butchers' shops, and I found the prices of meat, reckoning as follows: Prime parts of beef, 34 cents per pound; inferior parts, 20 cents per pound; cuttings, that is to say, odd bits chopped off here and there to make up a pound. A fine mutton, 12 cents per pound. A fine prime joint, 12 cents; vegetables are a trifle cheaper than in America, and bacon and ham are about 8 cents a pound dearer. Now, how can you, ye grubbers, keep a family of six on such a paltry pittance? Keep body and soul together? I am bound to confess that the conversation I had with several of them left the impression on my mind that if a wife were to leave her husband and their surroundings. Sometimes they get a little meat. "Once a week?" I queried. "Oh, no; not once a week. Perhaps, take it all the same, once in three weeks." Bread and cheese appear to be the staple food, and on Sundays a slice or two of bacon graces the any thing but festive board.

**A Bishop and a Dentist.**  
[Hartford Times.]

A young country dentist was recently favored with a commission to make and fit a complete set of teeth for the venerable bishop of the diocese in which he resided. The dentist was very anxious about the result of his labor and watched his lordship examining himself and his work with the pier glass. His change of countenance may be imagined, and the bishop gave expression to language ending with the fearful word "Damnation." He ventured to suggest that his lordship might feel them rather than the teeth, but the bishop, who was a very good fellow, would get us to them. Without appearing to notice the dentist, his lordship exclaimed, with vehemence: "Without doubt, my lord, if you will but have patience, I devised the dentist "in a week's time or so—" "What do you mean?" inquired the prostrate, turning round with an apostolic smile. "Why should I not have patience with this fellow? He is the first time I have found myself able to pronounce the Athanasian creed with distinctness for these 20 years."

**Their Age.**  
[San Francisco Argonaut.]

In all policies of insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father?" "Age of mother?" "Age of the insured?" A man in the country who fills up an application made his father's age, "if living," 113 years, and his mother's 102. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an exceptionally long-lived man. He was dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "O, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago but, living in the past, they were never worn down." "Exactly—I understand," said the agent.

**Not that Kind of a Woman.**  
[Howard Paul.]

A woman is brought before a Police Magistrate and asked her age. She replies: "Thirty-five." The Magistrate says: "Have heard you accused of being a thief in the Court of Wards the last five years?" The woman's reply is admirable: "No doubt, your Honor. I'm not one of those people who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

**'Tis Covardly Brutal.**  
[From the Bunch.]

"My husband and I," declared Mrs. M. X. to an intimate friend the other day, "When my dear, what is the matter?" "He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw a little stick at his head; then what do you suppose?" "You were in the Court of Wards, stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other." "The brute!"

**Starvation Wages In England.**  
[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]

To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the general laborer in this country is rarely paid more than 20 cents a day, and is spending a few days at Hastings, in Sussex, and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town, Winclesley, by name, boasting some 900 inhabitants. The population of the miniature town and the surrounding district is purely agricultural, and extensive inquiry among the farmers and hog-growers there residing satisfied me that the average man was fairly well off. The average of the earnings of at least two-thirds of the population. Of this \$2.50 never less and often more than 50 cents goes for rent.

In three cases I saw a man and his wife with upward of six children, none of whom was yet able to earn any thing, subsisting upon \$2 a week. Now, ye grubbers, just remember that the average of the wages of the cloth-makers is much less than that of the families, on \$2 per week. In this same town there are two butcher's shops, and found the prices of meat to be as follows: Prime pork, 10 cents; mutton, 10 cents; inferior parts, 20 cents per pound; and there, to be it to say, odd bits chopped off cuttings, there to render the prime joints more sightly, 14 cents. Prime beef, 10 cents; mutton, 10 cents; inferior parts, 12 cents; vegetables are a trifle cheaper than in America, and bacon and ham are each about 8 cents a pound dealer. Now then, how on earth do those unhappy people keep their mouths open? I was bound to confess that the conversation I had with several of them left the impression on my mind that they were tolerably well satisfied with their earnings. Sometimes they got a little bit of meat. "Once a week," said one, "I have meat." "Once a week," said another, "I have no; not once a week. Perhaps, take it all the year round, once in three weeks." Bread and cornmeal appear to be their staple food, and of course the price of bacon grates the any thing but a bishop board.

\* A Bishop and a Doctor.  
[Harford Times.]

A young country dentist was recently favored with a commission to make and fit a complete set of teeth for the Anglican bishop of the diocese in which he resided. The dentist was very anxious to please, and he was bound to watch his lordship examining himself and his new teeth in the pier glass. His chagrin may be imagined when he heard the bishop say, "I feel very fine, but I don't like this fearful word 'Dammation.' He ventured to suggest that his lordship might feel rather uncomfortable at first, but in a little time he would get used to it. Without appearing to notice the doctor's remark, he continued, with vehemence: "Without doubt, he shall persist everlastingly." "But, indeed, my lord, if you will but have patience," pleaded the dentist, "your lordship will find that you will soon get used to it." "I don't think so," replied the prelate, turning round with an apostolic smile. "Why should I not have patience? The teeth fit me beautifully it is the first time I have found myself able to pronounce the word 'Dammation' with distinctness for these 30 years."

\* Their Age.

[San Jose News Argonaut.]

In all policies of life there are these, among the host of other questions, occur: "Age of age, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application for a pension of his age, "if living," 115 years, and his mother's age, "if living," 113 years, and his mother-in-law's age, "if living," 111 years, and his wife's age, "if living," 109 years, was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer; but feeling somewhat dubious he remarked that the applicant came from a very long backside. "O, yes, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but, 'if living,' would be aged as years sit down." "Exactly—I understand," said the agent.

\* Noted Kind of a Woman.

[Howland Paul.]

A woman is brought before a Police Magistrate on the charge of being an idle, dissolute, and immoral woman. The Magistrate says: "I have heard you have given that same age in this Court for the last five years." The woman's reply is admirable. "No, your honor. I'm not one of those females who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

\* Covetous Brute.

[From the French.]

"My husband is a brute," declared Mme. X. to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, my dear, what is the matter?" "He found fault with my dress, my hair, my complexion, and I threw a candlestick at his head; the day after, he told me he loved me, and I said, 'Why, he supposed before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other.' The brute!"

\* A New Lease of Life.

A physician, writing to Drs. Starke & Palen, of 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, says: "The patient for whom I ordered the Compound Oxygen of Charles L. Taylor, Iowa, was much improved at last. He is now a hale man, who expected to give up and die, took a new lease of life, moved away, and went into active business. He only used two Treatments! So much more than I had expected. I am glad to hear of this. A Treatise on Compound Oxygen will be sent free by Drs. Starke & Palen, to any one who will write to them for it."

\* FOR THE LADIES.

"—Well, how were the ladies dressed?" was asked at one of the clubs of a member who had just returned from a party. "I was not," replied the dear fellow, he replied, "I really don't know. I don't know, I didn't think of looking under the table."

—Of the \$20,000 deemed necessary for the proposed new building of the University, the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$135,000 have been subscribed.

The average cost of a marriage license in this country is \$1.20. Colorado, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin charge more; Maryland, New York, and Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, and Connecticut, less. In New York, on up to Maryland, the highest of the lot, \$40.

—A lady whose husband had contracted a club foot, and who was unable to walk, wrote to the

**Starvation Wages In England.**  
[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]

To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the London laborer's lot is hardly better than it rarely seems to be earning \$4 a week. I was recently spending a few days at Hastings, in Sussex, and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town called Winchelsea, by the coast, boasting some 900 inhabitants. The population of the miniature town and the surrounding district is purely agricultural, and extensive inquiry among the people of the place has been made, resulting satisfied me that \$2.50 per week was a fair average of the earnings of at least two-thirds of the population. Of this \$2.50 never less and often more than half goes for food.

In three cases I found a man and his wife with upward of six children, none of whom were yet able to earn anything, subsisting upon a single shilling. Now, ye grubbers, just reflect for a moment how your own feeble and idle youngsters, much less your wives and families, on \$2 per week? In this same tiny town there are two butcher's shops, and four or five grocery stores, meeting some 900 people. Prime parts of beef, 34 cents per pound; inferior parts, 20 cents per pound; cuttings, ten cents; odd bits chopped off here and there from the prime cuts, 16 cents; mutton, 18 cents per pound. A loaf of bread weighing four pounds costs 12 cents; vegetables are a trifle cheaper than in America, and bacon and ham run each about eight cents a pound dealer. Now then, how can such a wretched unhappy people keep body and soul together? I am bound to confess that the conversation I had with several of them left the impression on my mind that they were living in a state of chronic misery and their surroundings. Sometimes they get a little meat. "Once a week?" I queried. "Oh no, not once a week. Perhaps, take it all the time, but very sparingly." And what do they choose appear to be their staple food, and on Sundays a slice or two of bacon graces the any thing but festive board.

A Bishop and a Dentist.  
[Hartford Times.]

A young country dentist was recently favored with a commission to make and fit a complete set of teeth for a certain bishop of the diocese in which he resided. The dentist was very anxious about the result of his labor and watched his lordship examining himself and his new teeth for quite a while. At last he said, "I have never seen a happier people. They would give expression to language ending with the fearful word 'Damnation.' He ventured to remark that his lordship might feel them rather uncomfortable, as they were so tight. If you would get us to them. Without appearing to notice the dentist, his lordship exclaimed, with vehemence: "Without doubt he shall perform his duty. But if he does not, I will not say he will but have patience," pleaded the dentist "in a week's time or so—" "What do you mean?" Inquired the prelate, turning round and looking at him. "I don't know," replied the dentist. "You must have patience?" "The teeth fit most beautifully. It is the first time I have found myself able to pronounce the Athanasian creed with distinctness for these 20 years."

Their Age.  
[San Francisco Argonaut.]

In all policies of insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: Age of father, age of mother, age of child, age of servant. A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living, 113 years, and his mother's 102. The agent was asked for the age of his son, and he answered, "Excellent customer; but feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "O, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but—, living—would be aged as they put down." "Exactly—I understand," said the agent.

Not That Kind of a Woman.  
[Howard Paul.]

A woman is brought before a Police Magistrate and asked her age. She replies: "Thirty-nine years, your honor." "Is she living?" asks the magistrate. "No, your honor. I have given that sameage in this Court for the last five years." The woman's reply is admirable. "No doubt, your Honor. I'm not one of those females who say one thing to-day and another tomorrow."

A Covardly Brute.  
[New York Herald.]

"My husband is a brute!" declared Miss X., to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, my dear, what is the matter?" "He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw up my hands and said, 'If I could only have more sense, I would beat him!'" "And he told you suppose he did?" "I don't know." "Why, he stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other." "The brute!"

A New Lease of Life.  
[Philadelphia Record.]

A physician, writing to Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, says: "The parties for whom I ordered the Compound Oxygen in Charles City, Iowa, were unable to find the substance anywhere else, and who expected to give up and die, took a new lease of life, moved away, and went into active business. *I've used two Treatments!* So much so that I cannot find the substance being sold elsewhere." A Treatise on Compound Oxygen, to be had free by Drs. Starkey & Palen, to any one who will write to them for it.

**FOR THE LADIES.**

"Well, how were the ladies dressed?" was asked one of the circles of a member who had just returned from the city. "In the latest styles. My dear fellow," he replied, "I really don't know. I didn't think of looking under the table."

The of the \$200,000 demand necessary for the proposed bridge across the Mississippi River, 2,500 miles of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$135,000 have been subscribed.

The averment of a marriage license in this country is \$1.20. Colorado, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and North Carolina charge nothing; New Jersey, 12 cents; New York, 25 cents; Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, and Connecticut, 50 cents; and Michigan charges the highest fee, \$10, \$4.50.

A lady whose husband had contracted a club foot and started to marry again. She secured a partly-worn gentleman's glove and let it sit on the parlor floor when she retired, after sitting in it all evening. Her husband, who had not noticed it, looked for it in the morning, but he could not go out into the evenings now.

The tallage of one of the prettiest girls in Brooklyn, is claimed by a malicious gossip paper with the name of the girl, and she is obliged to pay her semiles her mother."

A Detroit man went home drunk the other day and started to reach his bed. His daughter ran in terror for the police. When the policeman came he found the man on the floor with his hands and feet tied with a clothes-line, while his wife stood there between vigorous blows of the policeman.

A rown, properly labeled, was among the bridal presents received at a wedding in Sullivan County, N. Y.

A corypheus tells a Memphis reporter that ballet dancers' clothing is not as thin as people think. She says the material of the tights is silk on the outside and lined with cotton underneath. The tights are trimmed away in places so as to make the shape of the leg as nearly perfect as possible. Pading is not used at all.

**SCIENTIFIC CIGARETTES.**

—Writing of coca extract, a drug said to possess great medicinal value, the following advertisement of great fatigue, excitement, hunger, etc. Dr. Watson Campbell states that when Weston, the politician, was elected Governor of Ohio, he was frequently detected chewing something which for a long time he kept secret, but which he ultimately admitted to be cocaine.

—A New Orleans doctor calls attention to a very simple remedy for cholera, consisting of medicine taken in water. The medicine is made of equal parts of water, and a few swallows of the water be taken

**Starvation Wages In England.**  
[London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]

To begin at the bottom of the ladder and first of all deal with the question of wages, the English laboring class in this country is rarely found to be earning \$4 a week, or was receiving spending a few days at Hastings, in Sussex, and during my stay at that fashionable watering-place I took occasion to visit a small town where the price of many necessaries were sold in habitants. The population of the miniature town and the surrounding district is purely agricultural, and extensive inquiry among the farmers and laborers proved that they were satisfied me that \$2.50 per week was a fair average of the earnings of at least two-thirds of the population. Of this \$2.50 never less and often more than 20 cents are taken away from them.

In three cases I found a man and his wife with upward of six children, none of whom was yet able to earn anything, subsisting upon the bread of their grocer's shop, receiving for a moment. Here husband was mending clothes yourselves, much less your wives and families, on \$2 per week? In this same tiny town there are two butchers' shops, and I found the prices of meat exceeding some 90s in Prime parts of beef, 24 cents per pound; inferior parts, 20 cents per pound; cuttings, that is to say, odd bits chopped off here and there to make up the prime, 18 cents per pound. A loaf of bread weighing four pounds costs 12 cents; vegetables are a trifle cheaper than in America, and bacon and ham are about about as cheap as in our country. Now then, how on earth do those unhappy people keep body and soul together? I am bound to confess that the conversation I had with several of the poor kept the impression on my mind that they were too miserably satisfied with their surroundings. Sometimes they eat but a little meat. "Once a week," I queried. "Oh no, not once a week. Perhaps, take it all the time." But what do you get for it? They said these appear to be their staple food, and on Sundays a slice or two of bacon graces the any thing but festive board.

A Bishop and a Dentist.  
[Hartford Times.]

A young lawyer's friend was recently favored with a call on a dentist, who was completely set of teeth for the Anglican bishop of the diocese in which he resided. The dentist was very anxious about the result of his labor and matched his lordship examining him and his new teeth in the mirror. "I thought perhaps may be imagined when he heard the bishop give expression to language ending with the fearful word—Dammation. He ventured to ask the bishop if his might have been somewhat uncomfortable at first, but in a little time he would get use to them. Without appearing to notice the dentist, his lordship exclaimed, with a look of intense satisfaction, "You are everlastingly—" "But, indeed, my lord, if you will but have patience," pleaded the dentist. "In a week's time or so—" "What do you mean?" asked the bishop, turning round with an apologetic shrug. "Why, sir, I don't have patience? The teeth fit me beautifully it is the first time I have found myself able to pronounce the Athanasian creed with distinctness for these 20 years."

Their Age.  
[San Francisco Argonaut.]

In all policies of insurance these, among a host of other questions, are asked, "How old, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," 113 years; his mother's, "if living," 106 years. Amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer; but feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "O, yes, sir," replied the farmer, "my grand-mother was born, but, 'if living,' would be aged as there put down." "Exactly—I understand," said the agent.

Not that Kind of a Woman.  
[Howard Paul.]

A woman is brought before a Police Magistrate and charged with being "too good for five." The Magistrate says: "I have heard you have given that same girl in this Court for the last five years." The woman's reply is admirable. She said: "My dear magistrate, I'm not one of those females who sue you for taking her away another to-morrow."

A Covardly Brute,  
[From the French.]

"My husband is a brute," declared Mme. X, to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, my dear, what is the matter?" He found fault with everything she did, he told her to go to bed with a candlestick at his head; then what do you suppose he did?" "I don't know." "Why, he stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other." The brute!

A New Lease of Life.

A physician, writing to Dr. Starkey & Palen, of 1099 Girard St., Philadelphia, says: "The ladies for whom I ordered the Compound Oxygen had been suffering some, not much improved at last accounts. One of them, who expected to give up and die, took a new lease of life, moved away, and went into active service. Another died yesterday morning after a short illness. The third, who was suffering from your remedy, with the blessing of God." A Treatise on Compound Oxygen will be sent free by Drs. Starkey & Palen, to any one who will write to them for it.

FOR THE LADIES.

"—Well, how were the ladies dressed?" was asked one of the clubs of a member who had just come in from a very fashionable dinner party. "They were dressed as usual," he answered. "Know. The fact is, I didn't think of looking under the female."

The cost of \$20,000 deemed necessary for the proposed female college at Baltimore, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$15,000.

—The average cost of a marriage license in this country is \$1.00. In Nevada, South Carolina, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin, each nothing; New Jersey, 12 cents; New York, 25 cents; and in Massachusetts, 75 cents. In Ohio, 50; and so on, up to Maryland, the highest of the lot, \$4.50.

—One of those husbands had contracted a cold fever a partly-ovine gentleman's glove and left it in the street. His wife, however, picked it up until 12 o'clock for her absent lord. He does not like to wear gloves.

—The announcement that the eldest daughter of Dr. Talnage is one of the prettiest girls in Brooklyn, has caused much gossip. It is true, but the advertisement. "It is needless to add that she resembles her mother."

—A lady and her sister went home drunk the other day and started to smooch things. His daughter ran out and saw them. When the policeman arrived he broke the smash on the floor with his hands and feet tied with a clothes-line, while his wife and sister looked on in amazement. The housewife, so properly labeled, was policeman of the household.

A cow, probably she was among the bridal presents received at a wedding in Sullivan County, N. Y.

A corypheus tells a Memphis reporter that ballet dancers' clothing is not as thin as people think. "Yes, such machinery is worn, but it sticks to the outside, with a long silk fuzz on the inside. This is trimmed away in places so as to make the shape of the figure appear as perfect as possible. Pading is not used at all now."

SCIENTIFIC CHAT.

—Writing of coca extract, a drug said to possess restorative powers similar to those of tea in cases of great fatigue, exposure, hunger, etc., Dr. Watrous writes that a Frenchman, a well-known physician, was exhibiting in England, he was frequently detected sniffing something which for a long time he had been endeavoring to keep secret. He admitted he was cocaine leaves.

—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills calls attention to a very simple fact which merits attention from medicine takers. If the medicine is mixed with very cold water, and the patient is not warm and sickened as a preparatory dose, the nerves of the organ of taste become sufficiently benumbed to make the bitter taste of the medicine bearable. To disguise the bitter taste, but acts well in oils and salivary fluids.

In a recent lecture on the genus of disease, Dr. Sternberg said that the strips of flannel saturated with chloroform were used to draw and disperse the chlorine vapor placed under the bed, are usually valuable in arresting the progress of pneumonia, and in relieving the distress which it inflicts upon people to neglect the far more important measures of nursing, and the necessity of keeping the room sweeps away the germs. Many antiseptics and deodorizers are valueless for the destruction of the germs which may be recorded in the vapors of the chlorine of soda.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

—A melon on a shrub is the latest fruit "novelty" reported.

—Westbury farmers are engaged in a scramble for the good piece that yet remains in north-eastern England. There is plenty of money to be made in eating the better quality, and a large amount of it is going to be made by the farmers who are making saving it might last for a long time, but as the weather grows warmer it will be soon eaten off.

—"What has posterity done for us?" is imputed to them as their motto.


—At the late wedding presents, but they never give an odd number of articles, for the reason, they say, that no one can stand without a partner, and therefore the number must be even.

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